

(So sacred as it is) I have done sinne,
For which, the Heavens (taking angry note)
Have left me Issue-lesse: and your Father's blest d.
(As he from Heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodnesse. What might I have been,
Might I a Sonne and Daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most Noble Sir,
That which I shall report, will beare no credit,
Were not the prooffe so nigh. Please you (great Sir)
Bohemia greets you from himselfe, by me:
Desires you to attach his Sonne, who ha's
(His Dignitie, and Dutie both cast off)
Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with
A Shepherds Daughter.

Leo. Where's *Bohemia*? speake:

Lord. Here, in your Citie: I now came from him.
I speake amazedly, and it becomes
My meruaile, and my Message. To your Court
Whiles he was hastning (in the Chase, it seemes,
Of this faire Couple) meetes he on the way
The Father of this seeming Lady, and
Her Brother, having both their Countrey quitted,
With this young Prince.

Flo. *Camillo* ha's betray'd me;
Whose honor, and whose honestie till now,
Endur'd all Weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge:
He's with the King your Father.

Leo. Who's *Camillo*?

Lord. *Camillo* (Sir) I spake with him: who now
Ha's these poore men in question. Neuer saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneele, they kisse the Earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speake:
Bohemia stops his eares, and threatens them
With diuers deaths, in death.

Perd. Oh my poore Father:
The Heavens sets Spies vpon vs, will not haue
Our Contract celebrated.

Leo. You are married?

Flo. We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be:
The Starres (I see) will kisse the Valleys first:
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leo. My Lord,
Is this the Daughter of a King?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my Wife.

Leo. That once (I see) by your good Fathers speed,
Will come-on very slowly. I am sorry
(Most sorry) you haue broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in dutie: and as sorry,
Your Choise is not so rich in Worth, as Beautie,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Deare, looke vp:
Though Fortune, visible an Enemie,
Should chase vs, with my Father; powre no iot
Hath she to change our Loues. Beseech you (Sir)
Remember, since you ow'd no more to Time
Then I doe now: with thought of such Affections,
Step forth mine Advocate: at your request,
My Father will graunt precious things, as Trifles.

Leo. Would he doe so, I'd beg your precious Mistris,
Which he counts but a Trifle.

Paul. Sir (my Liege)

Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a moneth

Fore your Queene dy'd, she was more worth such gazes,
Then what you looke on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Euen in these Lookes I made. But your Petition
Is yet vn-answer'd: I will to your Father:
Your Honor not o're-throwne by your desires,
I am friend to them, and you: Vpon which Errand
I now goe toward him: therefore follow me,
And marke what way I make: Come good my Lord.
Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Antoliscus, and a Gentleman.

Ant. Beseech you (Sir) were you present at this Re-
lation?

Gent. 1. I was by at the opening of the Farthell, heard
the old Shephard deliuer the manner how he found it:
Whereupon (after a little amazednesse) we were all com-
manded out of the Chamber: onely this (me thought) I
heard the Shephard say, he found the Child.

Ant. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

Gent. 1. I make a broken deliuerie of the Businesse;
but the changes I perceiued in the King, and *Camillo*, were
very Notes of admiration: they seem'd almost, with sta-
ring on one another, to teare the Cases of their Eyes.
There was speech in their dumbnesse, Language in their
very gesture: they look'd as they had heard of a World
ransom'd, or one destroyed: a notable passion of Won-
der appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew
no more but seeing, could not say, if th'importance were
Ioy, or Sorrow; but in the extremitie of the one, it must
needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knowes more:
The Newes, *Rogero*.

Gent. 2. Nothing but Bon-fires: the Oracle is fulfill'd:
the Kings Daughter is found: such a deale of wonder is
broken out within this houre, that Ballad-makers cannot
be able to expresse it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady *Paulina*'s Steward, hee can deliuer
you more. How goes it now (Sir.) This Newes (which
is call'd true) is so like an old Tale, that the veritie of it is
in strong suspition: Ha's the King found his Heire?

Gent. 3. Most true, if euer Truth were pregnant by
Circumstance: That which you heare, you'll sweare
you see, there is such vnitie in the prooffes. The Mantle
of Queene *Hermione*: her Jewell about the Neck of it:
the Letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know
to be his Character: the Maieitie of the Creature, in re-
semblance of the Mother: the Affection of Noblenesse,
which Nature shewes about her Breeding, and many o-
ther Euidences, proclaime her, with all certaintie, to be
the Kings Daughter. Did you see the meeting of the
two Kings?

Gent. 2. No.

Gent. 3. Then haue you lost a Sight which was to bee
seene, cannot bee spoken of. There might you haue be-
held one Ioy crowne another, so and in such manner, that
it seem'd Sorrow wept to rake leaue of them: for their
Ioy waded in teares. There was casting vp of Eyes, hol-
ding vp of Hands, with Countenance of such distraction,
that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by Favour.

Our

Our King being ready to leape out of himselfe, for ioy of
his found Daughter; as if that Ioy were now become a
Losse, cries, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then asks
Bohemia forgiveness, then embraces his Sonne-in-Law:
then againe worries he his Daughter, with clipping her.
Now he thanks the old Shephard (which stands by, like
a Weather-bitten Conduit, of many Kings Reignes.) I
neuer heard of such another Encounter, which Iames Re-
port to follow it, and vndo's description to doe it.

Gent. 2. What, pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that
carried hence the Child?

Gent. 3. Like an old Tale fill, which will haue inatter
to rehearse, though Credit be asleepe, and not an eare o-
pen; he was torne to pieces with a Beare: This auouches
the Shepherds Sonnes who ha's not onely his Innocence
(which seemes much) to iustifie him, but a Hand-kerchief
and Rings of his, that *Paulina* knowes.

Gent. 1. What became of his Barke, and his Fol-
lowers?

Gent. 3. Wrackt the same instant of their Masters
death, and in the view of the Shephard: so that all the
Instruments which ayded to expose the Child, were euen
then lost, when it was found. But oh the Noble Combat,
that twist Ioy and Sorrow was fought in *Paulina*. Shee
had one Eye declin'd for the losse of her Husband, ano-
ther elevated, that the Oracle was fulfill'd: Shee lifted the
Princesse from the Earth, and so looks her in embracing,
as if shee would pin her to her heart, that shee might no
more be in danger of loosing.

Gent. 1. The Dignitie of this Act was worth the au-
dience of Kings and Princes, for by such was it acted.

Gent. 3. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that
which angl'd for mine Eyes (caught the Water, though
not the Fish) was, when at the Relation of the Queenes
death (with the manner how shee came to't, brauely con-
fess'd, and lamented by the King) how attentiuenesse
wounded his Daughter, till (from one signe of dolour to
another) shee did (with an *Alas*) I would faine say, bleed
Teares; for I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was
most Marble, there changed colour: some frownded, all
sorrowed: if all the World could haue seen't, the Woe
had bene vniuersall.

Gent. 1. Are they returned to the Court?

Gent. 3. No: The Princesse hearing of her Mothers
Statue (which is in the keeping of *Paulina*) a Pecee many
yeeres in doing, and now newly perform'd, by that rare
Italian Master, *Julio Romano*, who (had he himselfe Eter-
nitie, and could put Breath into his Worke) would be-
guile Nature of her Custome, so perfectly he is her Ape:
He so neere to *Hermione*, hath done *Hermione*, that they
say one would speake to her, and stand in hope of answer.
Thither (with all greedinesse of affection) are they gone,
and there they intend to Sup.

Gent. 2. I thought she had some great matter there in
hand, for shee hath privately, twice or thrice a day, euer
since the death of *Hermione*, visited that remoued House.
Shall wee thither, and with our companie peece the Re-
ioicing?

Gent. 1. Who would be thence, that ha's the benefit
of Access? euerie winke of an Eye, some new Grace
will be borne: our Absence makes vs vnchristie to our
Knowledge, Let's along.

Exit.

Ant. Now (had I not the daith of my former life in
me) would Preferment drop on my head. I brought the
old man and his Sonne aboard the Prince; told him, I
heard them talke of a Farthell, and I know not what: but

he at that time over-fond of the Shepherds Daughter (so
he then tooke her to be) who began to be much Sea-sick,
and himselfe little better, extremitie of Weather conti-
nuing, this Myserie remained vndiscover'd. But 'tis all
one to me: for had I bene the finder-out of this Secret,
it would not haue rellish'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shephard and Clowne.

Here come those I haue done good to against my will,
and alreadie appearing in the blossomes of their For-
tune.

Shep. Come Boy, I am past moe Children: but thy
Sonnies and Daughters will be all Gentlemen borne.

Clow. You are well met (Sir:) you deny'd to fight
with mee this other day, because I was no Gentleman
borne. See you these Clothes? say you see them not,
and thinke me still no Gentleman borne: You were best
say these Robes are not Gentlemen borne. Giue me the
Lye: doe: and try whether I am not now a Gentleman
borne.

Ant. I know you are now (Sir) a Gentleman borne.

Clow. I, and haue been so any time these foure houres.

Shep. And so haue I, Boy.

Clow. So you haue: but I was a Gentleman borne be-
fore my Father: for the Kings Sonne tooke me by the
hand, and call'd mee Brother: and then the two Kings
call'd my Father Brother: and then the Prince (my Bro-
ther) and the Princesse (my Sister) call'd my Father, Father;
and so wee wept: and there was the first Gentleman-like
teares that euer we shed.

Shep. We may lute (Sonne) to shed many more.

Clow. I, or else twere hard luck, being in so prepos-
terous estate as we are.

Ant. I humbly beseech you (Sir) to pardon me all the
fautes I haue committed to your Worship, and to giue
me your good report to the Prince my Master.

Shep. Prethee Sonne doe: for we must be gentle, now
we are Gentlemen.

Clow. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Ant. I, and it like your good Worship.

Clow. Giue me thy hand: I will sweare to the Prince,
thou art as honest a true Fellow as any is in *Bohemia*.

Shep. You may say it, but not sweare it.

Clow. Not sweare it, now I am a Gentleman? Let
Boores and Francklins say it, Ile sweare it.

Shep. How if it be false (Sonne)?

Clow. If it be ne're so false, a true Gentleman may
sweare it, in the behalfe of his Friend: And Ile sweare to
the Prince, thou art a tall Fellow of thy hands, and that
thou wilt not be drunke: but I know thou art no tall Fel-
low of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunke: but Ile
sweare it, and I would thou would'st be a tall Fellow of
thy hands.

Ant. I will proue so (Sir) to my power.

Clow. I, by any meanes proue a tall Fellow: if I do not
wonder, how thou dar'st venture to be drunke, not being
a tall Fellow, trust me not. Harke, the Kings and the Prin-
ces (our Kindred) are going to see the Queenes Picture.
Come, follow vs: wee'll be thy good Masters. Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizell, Perdita, Camillo,

Paulina: *Hermione* (like a Statue) Lords, &c.

Leo. O graue and good *Paulina*, the great comfort
That I haue had of thee?

Cc

Paul. What